WITH THE RAMBLER

IN Arlington, the solemn city of tombs, there are so many silent mansions that the most reverent pilgrim is usually bewildered by the mortuary maze. Perhaps he will contemplate a few monuments and read a few epitaphs, and have some memories recalled by familiar names carved in stone, but either gloom or indifference will take possession of him, and he passes on under the oaks and across the new fields of the dead without getting any distinct and detailed picture. His eye sees monuments and monuments, and more monuments, but does not rest on any particular one, unless perhaps it calls out for notice more strongly than the rest by reason of its greater height or size.

There are memorials at Arlington which have impressed the Rambler. Some of these are at a distance from the more frequented ways and in relatively remote parts of the grounds, and the Rambler feels that some of these tombs are of interest enough to justify him in telling of them.

* * *

Of the very unusual if not the most unusual tomb at Arlington is the bronze effigy of a battle-slain soldier, which rests under the oaks in the officers' older section of the cemetery, north of the main drive and probably about midway between the rear of the mansion and the central west gate, or the gate through which most of the visitors to Arlington enter. This tomb calls up in one's mind the tombs in the abbeys and churches of Europe on which rest the sculptured images of the dead. Most travelers will remember the effigies of warriors and kings, clad in armor, that lie above the bones they memorialize.

The Arlington effigy, or the prone statue of a stricken soldier, rests on a beautiful and highly polished marble block—marble of such a dark green that one might call it green-black, and the body of the marble is streaked with white. The bronze image has also turned gray-green by its years of exposure to the weather. The image is clothed in the United States uniform of the officer of the civil war period. An army pistol of bronze lies near the soldier's right hand, as though it has only just fallen from his grasp, and the flap of his pistol holster is open.

The inscription which runs around the edge of the bronze base of the statue is: "Lieut. John Rodgers Meigs, U. S. Engineers, Chief Engineer Army of the Shenandoah. Born 9 February, 1842. Killed October, 1864."

The effigy lies at the base of an ivy grown sarcophagus, which is inscribed as follows: "Louisa Rodgers Meigs, daughter of Commodore John Rodgers Meigs, U. S. Navy, and Minerva Denison, his Wife. Wife of General Montgomery C. Meigs, U. S. Army, born in Washington 17th August, 1816. Died there 24th November, 1879: loving daughter, beloved wife, fond mother, true friend, faithful Christian. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

* * *

In the same lot is a sandstone tomb of the pattern of those tombs and cenotaphs which stand in long and gloomy rows in Congressional cemetery. It would seem to the Rambler that this stone must once have stood in Congressional cemetery, but the story of its removal is not known to him, but may be conjectured. It bears this inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of Josiah Meigs, born 21 August, 1757, Died 4th September, 1822, aged 65 years." On another face of the monument is inscribed: "Commissioner General Land Office from 11th October, 1814." Another face of the stone is inscribed: "Samuel W. Meigs, son of Josiah and Clara Benjamin Meigs, 1st December, 1738—20th July, 1818."

In a part of the cemetery where not many pilgrims stray is a curious monument, both in form and in the matter of inscription. The monument is about nine feet high. The inscription, which is in that lettering known as "script," covers the four sides of the monument, and is the longest epitaph in Arlington, and perhaps one of the long epitaphs of the world. Carved on this low but long monument is this:

"Here lie the remains of John Williams, Esq., late a Captain in the Corps of United States Marines. Was born in Stafford County, Virginia, the 24th of August, 1765, and died the 29th of September, 1812, at Camp New Hope, in East Florida. The body of the deceased was removed to this spot, over which his brother officers of the Marine Corps have caused this pile to be erected in testimony of his worth and in their mournful admiration of his gallant end.

"On the 11th of September, 1812, Capt. Williams, on his march with a command of 20 men to Davis Creek Block House in East Florida, was attacked toward evening by upwards of fifty Indians and negroes who lay concealed in the woods. He instantly gave battle, gallantly supported by his men, who, inspired by his animated example, fought as long as they had a cartridge left. At length, bleeding under eight galling wounds and unable to stand, he was carried off the battleground, whilst his heroic little band, pressed by superior numbers, was forced to retreat.

"Eminently characterized by cool intrepidity, Capt. Williams evinced during this short but severe contest those military prerequisites which qualify the officer for command, and if his sphere of action was too limited to attract the admiration of the world, it was sufficiently expanded to crown him with the approbation of his country and to afford to his brethren in arms an example as highly useful as his exit has sealed with honor the life of a Patriot Soldier."

* * *

It is evident that this stone, which is in the war of 1812 section at Arlington, long rested in some other cemetery before its removal to its present site.

On the side of a shallow ravine in a retired part of the Arlington grounds, and in a spot around which the privates' section of the cemetery grew up, are the graves and monuments of the builder of the Arlington mansion and the beautifier of the grounds. His wife sleeps beside him. There are two marble monuments which were white long, long ago, and the taller is inscribed: "George Washington Parke Custis, Born April 30, 1781; died October 10, 1857. Blessed Ahe the Merciful, for They Shall Obtain Mercy." The shaft, separated by an oak tree from that above the grave of George Washington Parke Custis, is inscribed: "Mary L. Custis, born April 22, 1788; died April 23, 1853. Blessed Are the Pure in Heart, for They Shall See God."

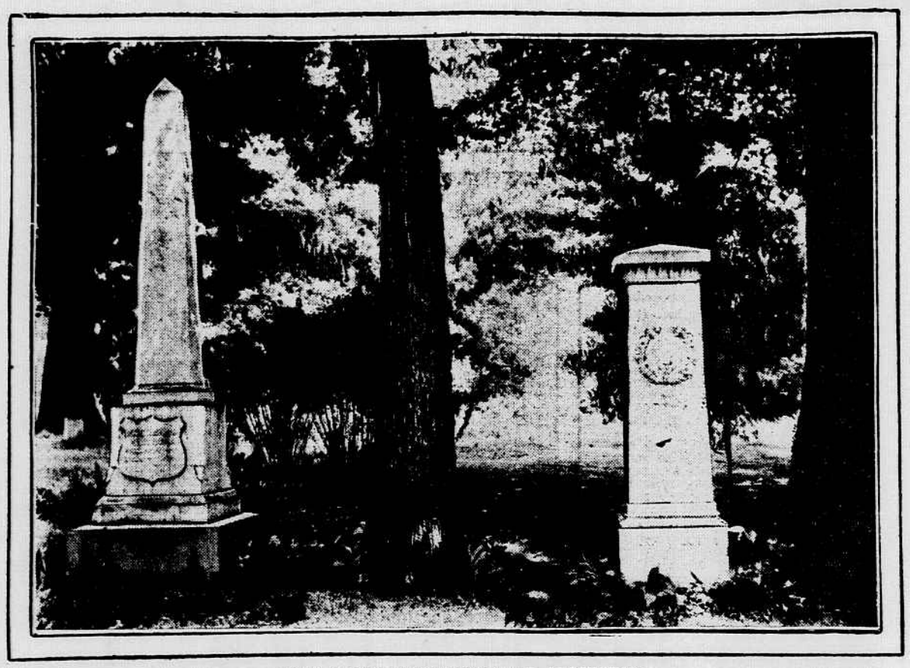
The man under the taller monument was an adopted son of George Washington and the brother of Nellie Custis, who became Mrs. Lawrence Lewis. George Washington Parke Custis was the son of John Parke Custis, who was the son of Martha Dandridge, who became the wife of Daniel Parke Custis of White House, Va., and after his death became the wife of George Washington. The mother of the man under the taller monument was Eleanor Calvert of Mount Airy, in Prince Georges county, Md.

The man and woman resting under these monuments were the father and mother of Mrs. Robert E. Lee, whose maiden name was Mary Ann Randolph Custis, and at the base of the monuments the Rambler has seen growing lilies and myrtle whch he fancies were planted there by Mrs. Lee.

The Rambler in previous notes on Arlington has told a good deal about the Custis family and other families related to the Arlington estate, but it may be acceptable to the reader to outline the history of the beautiful place which George Washington Parke Custis and his wife established, which Mrs. Robert E. Lee inherited and which the United States government appropriated and finally, under a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, paid for to the heirs of Gen. and Mrs. Lee.

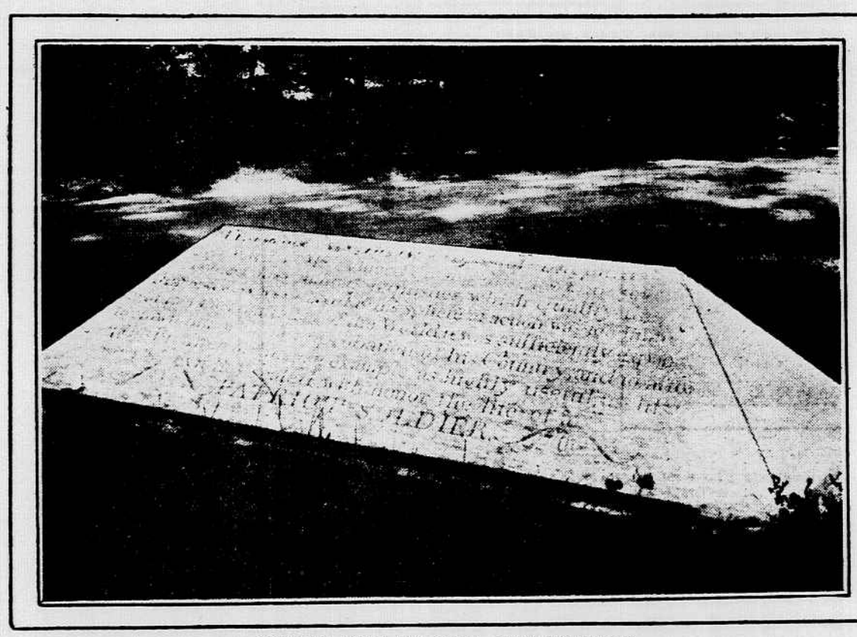
* * *

It was soon after the marriage of John Parke Custis, Mrs. Washington's son and George Washington's stepson, with Eleanor Calvert that he bought from Gerald Alexander a large tract of land on the hills and lowlands across the Potomac from Georgetown and the future site of Washington. The principal house on this tract was that in which Gerald Alexander lived and which stood on the rise of ground on the lowlands, where are now the buildings appurtenant to the exeriment station of the Department of Agriculture.



THE CUSTIS MONUMENTS AT ARLINGTON.

TOMB OF LIEUT. JOHN RODGERS MEIGS AT ARLINGTON.



CURIOUS TOMB OF CAPT. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Custis built a frame house of no great pretention, rather near the river shore and north of Four Mill run. He called the house and the farm Abingdon. That house, in which Nellie Custis was born, is still standing, being owned by a brickmaking company, and the Rambler has heretofore written of it. Eliza Custis and Martha Custis, elder and perhaps less famous sisters of Nellie Custis, were also born in that old house. George Washington Parke Custis, the brother of these girls and the youngest of the children, was born at his mother's home at Mount Airy.

John Parke Custis had an erratic career, and Washington took him as an aid. He died of fever near Yorktown in 1781, and after that Nellie and George Washington Parke Custis, being very young children, went to live with their grandmother, Mrs. George Washington, at Mount Vernon. Nellie Custis lived there until her marriage, in 1799, to Betty Washington's son, Lawrence Lewis, and George Washington Parke Custis lived there until the death of Mrs. Washington, in 1802. Then he concluded to build a fine mansion on the hills of his father's estate of Abingdon, a mansion which would overlook Georgetown and the new capital. He did not call the place Abingdon, but changed the name to Arlington.

The second Custis in America, who was the son of the emigrant Custis lived in Northampton county, Va., and there he built him a house of some proportions and architectural importance, which he called Arlington. He called the place Arlington not because there had been any Custis associations with such a place, but simply in honor of Henry, Earl of Arlington, a cograntee with Lord Culpeper of Virginia. Whether this son of the emigrant Custis had had any business with the Earl of Arlington, the Rambler does not know, but his judgment is against the probability of this.

* * *

When George Washington Parke Custis had decided to give a name other than Abingdon to his new home he hit on the name Arlington because it had been the name of the first home in Virginia built by a Custis native to Virginia. There may have been some other reason for the selection of the nam of Arlington, and perhaps some of the Rambler's friends may have gone more deeply or successfully into this matter than he.

A few years ago, a field piece was put in position as a monument over the grave of a soldier at Arlington. It was a unique thing then, and, so far as the Rambler knows, it is the only memorial of its kind in the great national cemetery. There are Spanish trophy guns in the new section of the cemetery, but these are not grave markers or monuments to individuals. The gun memorial has a bronze plate on the squared oak trail which is inscribed: "Wallace Fitz Randolph, Major General United States Army, June 11, 1841—December 9, 1910." The field piece is brass and was cast in 1862 and no doubt performed service from the second until the last year of the civil war.

* * *

Correspondents and the Rambler.

THE mail of the Rambler has already assumed considerable proportions and the indications seem to be that it will continue to increase. A few of the correspondents give information on subjects of which the Rambler has previously written, some contain suggestions for future rambles, and by far the greater number contain requests for information. And the Rambler is happy to furnish the information when he has it or knows where and how to get it without too great expenditure of time.

A large percentage of the letters in which correspondents ask for information contain requests for data concerning ancestors. The necessary inference is that a goodly number of Washingtonians are actively interested in their ancestors and that interest in genealogy is spreading and deepening.

A woman has written: "Several weeks ago I read your account in The Star of the Youngs over in Maryland and I destroyed the paper before I had sufficiently read it. Now I should like to ask you if you obtained the records mentioned from a Maryland court or from a District court. This is of personal interest to me and if you would give me this information I should be more than grateful."

A woman in Alexandria has written: "I have been reading your articles in the Sunday Star with much interest, particularly your rambles near Alexandria, my birthplace and the home of my family for six generations. In your letter of last Sunday you spoke of a Thompson family in Maryland. Will you tell me where I can find records of this family? I am in quest of an elusive ancestor and hope to trace him through a Thompson family of Maryland. This may be the one I seek. I will esteem it a great favor if you will tell me where the records of these Thompsons can be found. I would want to go back prior to 1765."

A woman writes from the Louise Home that she would like to get a picture of the old Kalorama house and gateway and of the old Cox house which stood on Meridian Hill.

A man in Washington writes: "I have been reading with much interest the articles by the Rambler. They are particularly interesting to me, for I am a newcomer here, coming from Boston two years ago, and I am anxious to learn about the noted places in and about the District. Recently I have been seeking information about Tudor House, but have found only very meager references to it. It has been suggested to me that probably you could point out to me the sources from which the desired information could be gathered."

Whenever the Rambler comes into possession of information sought by his correspondents he will pass it along to them with great pleasure.

* * *

John Sarten Again.

IT is always pleasant to welcome old friends and to record their return. Several Sundays ago the Rambler reached into his great and odd collection of photographic negatives and drew from the heap four negatives of old friends, young and old persons he had encountered on the rambles. Some of these negatives were made several years ago. One of the pictures which he turned in with his "ramble" was that of an old man in a high-peaked, rough-and-ready hat, and wearing on his shoulders a military cape of a cut and style that is not now the military vogue. His name was John Sarten. The Rambler met him on a street in Alexandria, made his acquaintance and took his picture. Recently in an idle mood when it seemed more pleasant to indulge in reminiscences than to go walking after new matter, the Rambler wrote of this old man, saying that perhaps he had passed away, because he was not a young man at the time of the making of the picture.

The mail a few days ago brought to the desk of the Rambler the following letter:

Dear Sir:

In looking over The Sunday Star of January 24 I was very much interested in an article of the Rambler. The quaint old man with the cape on happened to be my husband's grandfather and from the way the article read I am aware you think he has passed away, and I am very glad to tell you he is still very much alive and is almost as active as he was when you took his picture in Alexandria.

He is still living on his farm near Franconia, Va., all alone, and I am writing this to you so that if you ever care to visit him in your rambles again you will know where to find him. He still remembers when you took his picture and also has the one you sent him.

CLAUDE KITCHIN, NEW LEADER OF MAJORITY IN HOUSE, IS MODEST AND RETIRING

Is Known as the Most Bashful Big Man in Public Life—He Has Not Made a Speech in Congress for Three Years—An Able Orator Who Has Learned the Futility of Mere Talk in the Business of Legislation—Member of a Family That Sends Many of Its Sons to Congress—His Popularity With His Associates—How He Works—Will Plan All His Parliamentary Battles in Advance—He Is an Omnivorous Reader and Has a Wonderful Memory.

IN an earlier generation observers of politics in the west, noting the men that Wisconsin, Minnesota and neighboring states were sending to Congress, were fond of observing that every Washbourne was born with the initials "M. C." birthmarked on the back of his neck. The south, in this generation, might well make the same remark about the Kitchins of North Carolina.

It is true that there is only one Kitchin now in Congress, but aforetime there have been several. As late as 1909 there were two, brothers, serving from the old north state, but William Walton Kitchin resigned to go back and be Governor of North Carolina, leaving Claude Kitchin to uphold the Kitchin family traditions in the House of Representatives.

And Claude has upheld them so well that he is to be the leader of the majority in the Sixty-fourth Congress, which came into being on March 4 last, and also chairman of the great ways and means committee.

Fourteen years of continuous service have brought him to this commanding position. But it is not seniority alone that has made him leader. It is the quality of the man himself.

* * *

Under the Constitution there is no governing class in this country. But, by reason of natural equipment, some men and some families have acquired leadership. The Adamses of New England, the Harrisons and the Washbournes of the west, the Kitchins of the south are examples. Men have followed them, accepted their judgment in political affairs, given them high public office. But not because of birth. Each has had to make good for himself.

There is no more democratic body on earth than that little community of 435 men which dwells together so many months in each year at the south end of the Capitol in Washington. Wealth, ancestry, brilliancy of mind, previous distinction mean nothing in this national House of Representatives. If a man rises to place and power in the House organization he rises because he has demonstrated his quality of leadership, his ability to command the respect, the confidence and the loyalty of his fellows—these selected men from every section of the nation.

Read this tribute to the new House leader, paid by that Connecticut Yankee, Representative Thomas C. Reilly, of the nutmeg state, and you will understand something of the reasons that moved the democratic caucus to make the southerner their field general:

"It is generally conceded that Claude Kitchin can get more votes for any project in which he takes a deep interest, either for himself or a friend, than any man in Congress, and few will ever know that he is working. That does not mean that he is pussy footed. It is simply proof of his winning personality.

"Mr. Kitchin was with Speaker Clark and Mr. Underwood against the repeal of the Panama free tolls for American coastwise shipping, but he made no active fight against the repeal. It is pretty safe betting, if he had, the repeal would not have had seventy-six votes leeway."

Search carefully the pages of the Congressional Record, that faithful chronicle of all that is said and done on the floor of the House, and you will find no hint as to why this is so.

* * *

Take, for example, the Congressional Record for the past three sessions, making up the history of the Sixty-third Congress, which has sat longer, enacted more laws and delivered itself of more talk than any previous Congress in the history of the nation. Nowhere can you find more than six lines of speech delivered by Mr. Kitchin on the floor. And never do those six lines relate to anything more than the formal presentation of a report from a committee.

In fact, Mr. Kitchin has not made a speech in the House in more than three years. And then he spoke only when called on to verify a statement made by Oscar Underwood. It was in the period preceding the nominating conventions of 1912. Mr. Underwood was a prospective candidate for the democratic nomination for the presidency. From the camp of William J. Bryan, then a possibility for the nomination, had come an attack on Mr. Underwood, chairman of the ways and means committee, indicating that in making the democratic tariff bill of that year—which failed in a republican Senate—Mr. Underwood had shown too great a friendship for the steel interests.

Mr. Underwood rose to deny this charge and called upon any member of the ways and means committee to substantiate what he had said. Mr. Kitchin, although Mr. Bryan was his individual choice, promptly arose and out of his own knowledge as a member of the committee corroborated all that Mr. Underwood had said and completely exonerated him.

Since then, exactly as during a prolonged period before that, Mr. Kitchin has kept silent in debate.

A gifted orator, one with a singularly winning quality in his talk, able to sway audiences, he has learned of what little worth is oratory in the real business of legislation.

His notable work has been in committee rooms and in his office and in the cloakroom; his accomplishments in things done the result of a profound study of measures and men—mostly men.

* * *

Congress knows Mr. Kitchin and, knowing, likes him with genuine affection. The country at large does not know him so well. It is going to hear much of him in the next two years, by reason of his new position as House leader. He has come to be a national figure of importance without the nation having a real acquaintance with him. He is to have a large part in framing national legislation.

Further, his task is to be a far more difficult one than has been the task of Oscar Underwood—now transplanted to the Senate. The democratic majority is much reduced. Evidences of insurgency have appeared in the democratic membership of the House. As one southern member expressed it recently, "We are going to need a power of leading next time."

And hence this article, intended to give some idea of this big, masterful, but magnetic and gregarious commander of the party's legislative army in the House.

This is not a real interview with Mr. Kitchin. He, unlike most public men, is shy in the presence of an interviewer. He simply will not talk about himself. Which does not mean that he will not talk. He will talk till the cows come home, given a chance, on general topics; but not to have his words taken down and printed unless he has carefully prepared them in advance. And that sort of an interview does not reflect much of the man.

But observation of him, talk with him and, moreover, talks with his associates in Congress make plain some notable things regarding what his leadership of the House is to be. It is to be a different sort of leadership from that of Underwood, quite as different as the personalities of the two men. Underwood, suave, self-possessed, imperturbable, far-seeing, conciliating, stands in contrast to this more dashing, more impetuous, more temperamental North Carolinian. Underwood's conservatism is proverbial; Kitchin's record is that of a radical.

* * *

And still, with all his seeming impetuosity, all his quality of dash and fire, all his radicalism, those who know Claude Kitchin long ago found him the possessor of a long-headed Scotch-Irish caution. He sees ahead quite as far as Oscar Underwood, perhaps farther. That very gregariousness of his, as opposed to the habitual reserve of Oscar Underwood, has taught him to know accurately the minds of the men who are to be his lieutenants and who are to make up the rank and file of his fighting force, and who, also, are to be arrayed against him on the republican side.

When he leads his army into battle on the floor of the House—and it is conceded that in the next two years he will have to lead it in many notable battles—he will go in knowing thoroughly his own strength and his own weakness, the latter a very important element, and with equal knowledge of the enemy.

He is a general who will not avoid battle, but rather seek it; however, he will select his own ground. His associates predict that he never will be caught on a strange field; that never will his advance guard be driven back on the main column. His battles will be studied and prepared in advance, and part of his strategy will consist in leading the enemy into morasses and swamps and barbed wire entanglements.

Preparation? That is the keynote of his method of operation, for he is a deep student. That is what gave him prominence on the committee on ways and means. There, in the making of the two tariff bills which have been made by that committee since the democrats took charge of the House four years ago, he was one of the few members who mastered most of the intricate schedules. It is not pretended that any man knew all about all of the schedules, but Kitchin knew more about more of them than any man save Underwood.

REPRESENTATIVE CLAUDE KITCHIN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

* * *

Ex-Representative Edward W. Townsend of New Jersey tells a story of the Kitchin ability quickly to master the details of an involved subject. It was back in 1912, long before the monetary legislation of this administration had begun to take form. The Aldrich monetary commission report had been completed—a huge compilation, in which, as subsequently developed, was much that later found its way into the new law. Few people understood what it all meant.

The Newark Board of Trade, in Mr. Townsend's district, wanted the whole subject discussed at a banquet it was giving. It invited Senator Aldrich, and then asked Mr. Townsend to get some southern democrat to present the opposing view.

A few days before the banquet—something less than a week—Mr. Townsend went to Mr. Kitchin and asked him.

"But I don't know a thing on earth about monetary legislation," protested Mr. Kitchin. Mr. Townsend insisted, and finally gained Mr. Kitchin's consent.

On the night of the banquet Senator Aldrich made a notable address. In clear, lucid language he outlined the scheme of a federal reserve system such as the commission proposed. Then came Mr. Kitchin.

When he was introduced he prefaced his remarks by saying that he felt a trifle embarrassed in addressing a northern audience. He confessed that he had reached the age of twenty-one before he could picture a northerner as otherwise than standing with a pistol in one hand and the other hand in the pocket of a southerner. "But since then I have found by association"—and so on for nearly five minutes, in which, with wit and grace and soft, southern accents, he won the audience closely to him.

And then he plunged into the real subject and held for more than an hour the rapt attention of his audience. He quoted, without scrap of note or manuscript and practically verbatim, paragraphs and whole pages from the report. He laid his finger accurately on the point from which the lawmakers subsequently departed from the Aldrich report, the central bank idea. About this he hung his talk, and made it convincing.

* * *

All this, it should be borne in mind, was months before the long discussion of the subject in Congress, on the stump and in newspapers and periodicals. Those two speeches, that of Senator Aldrich, the master of the subject from the point of view of the monetary commission, and that of Kitchin, the man who a week before had given no serious attention to the subject, contained, in fact, everything that subsequently was debated the length and breadth of the country.

To put it another way, Mr. Kitchin is a man with an analytical mind, long trained in the law and still longer trained in public life.

Most of the Kitchins are that way. They are born—and a lot of them are born—at Scotland Neck, N. C., and grow up in an atmosphere of public affairs. Then they go to Wake Forest College and get an education and get admitted to the bar and marry at once, and presently there are more Kitchins, all big, all strong, all good looking, all able to talk, with a due proportion of the males birthmarked "M. C." on the back of the neck.

That was Mr. Kitchin's story. The additional details might be added that the year of his birth was 1869, three years after the birth of his brother William, his former associate in Congress. Claude Kitchin was graduated from Wake Forest in 1888 and married six months later. It was in 1890 that he began to practice law, and in 1901 that he began to come to Congress. His big brother William had become addicted to the congressional habit four years earlier.

The Claude Kitchin home at Scotland Neck is typical, in its bigness and spaciousness and extent of its grounds, of the man. It has to be to house all the family, for Mr. and Mrs. Kitchin have nine children, six daughters—one of them married—and three boys. They are home-loving folk, and so they remain at Scotland Neck most of the time, Mrs. Kitchin coming only occasionally to Washington during the winter social season.

* * *

All about Scotland Neck are more Kitchins, for Claude Kitchin has eight strapping brothers, all following tradition, lawyers or planters, or, as in the instance of Mr. Kitchin himself, both. One of the brothers, Paul, is one of the leading lawyers of the community. His chief delight is to get Claude into a lawsuit on the other side. On such occasions the full bar and the people for miles around turn out to see the fur fly, for fly it does, all the Kitchins being controversial folk and eager for debate.

Some doubt has been expressed among the democracy out of Congress as to the wisdom of selecting for House leader a member of Congress and of the party who has been arrayed against the President, the party's titular head, on several occasions, notably on the occasion of the fight over Panama canal tolls. Such talk comes only from those who are not familiar with the situation and not familiar with Claude Kitchin. Note, again, Representative Reilly's words above in regard to the tolls fight. Mr. Kitchin is a man of independent mind, firm in his convictions, but he is a loyal party man. He will not surrender his own convictions, but he will not fight his party chief. Just as Mr. Reilly said, he could have beaten the President in the matter of tolls had he gone into the fight at all.

It can be predicted, then, that there is to be team work in the House during the life of the incoming Congress. If insurgency develops in any certain direction, be assured that the new leader will be ready with something else to create a diversion and to bring the mutineers back into the fold, leaving the subject of their mutiny for later consideration. He is that sort of a leader.

Naturally, as leader, Mr. Kitchin will have to abandon his long silence and do much talking on the floor. Arrayed against such able, skilled, resourceful and ready opponents as James R. Mann, minority leader, and former Speaker Cannon, it will be his place to engage frequently every day in the rough and tumble of floor debate.

* * *

In one respect Mr. Kitchin resembles Mr. Mann, he is an omnivorous reader. One of Mr. Mann's great resources is his wonderful memory and his seeming uncanny familiarity with every subject of legislation that comes before the House. Mr. Kitchin promises to be a match for him in this respect.

Mr. Kitchin has not yet demonstrated his ability as a ready parliamentarian, something in which Mr. Mann excels, for Mr. Kitchin has done his work in council and not in the swift interchange of floor fighting. There is no doubt of his knowledge of parliamentary law and practice, nor of his readiness of wit; but he lacks practive.

Mann has practiced every day for years. But Mr. Kitchin will have, just as Mr. Underwood has had, as his chief floor lieutenant the alert and skillful Fitzgerald, chairman of appropriations committee and adept in verbal fence.

Most men who rise to national prominence in Congress sooner or later are claimed by the chautauqua circuit. It is not probable that Mr. Kitchin will meet that fate. He has a singular distaste for the spotlight, and he will get all of the spotlight he can stand in the House. It has been said of him that "he is the most bashful big man in public life in Washington," though he has no good reason to be afraid of exhibiting himself to the multitude. Tall, erect, black haired, black eyed, with a dashing quality in his carriage, he is an attractive and engaging figure, and when he talks he charms.

Still, born politician that he is, companionable, a "mixer" who makes friends with all classes readily and boyishly, though never at the sacrifice of his own dignity, he can't stand posing or putting himself on exhibition. What Byron Newton, assistant secretary of the Treasury, terms "the perils of personal publicity in politics" never will threaten him.

ASHMUN BROWN.

He Lost His Fish.

AN easterner was spending his first summer in Montana, where he had plenty of opportunity to indulge in his favorite sport of trout fishing. One afternoon he had been unusually successful, but just as he was setting out for camp with a heavy string of fish he caught sight of a great pine which had blown down and was lying with its top in the water—just the place for hooking a monster trout.

He had been fishing up a deep and rapid mountain stream, the banks of which were thickly grown with brambles and service-berry bushes, among which he had to thread his way with his rod in one hand and his heavy string of fish in the other.

Pushing along to the fallen pine, he climbed upon it by dint of hard scrambling, holding on as best he could with both hands full. The tree was close to the bank, and the stream was boiling. He was in the midst of the branches, crowding onward, when suddenly, just over the roaring torrent, something on the other side of the tree rose up close beside him—an immense bear, with her cubs beside her.

There was no time to hesitate. To run was impossible, and the bear was coming toward him, growling savagely. On the impulse of the moment the man dashed his string of trout full in her face. In doing so he lost his balance, and the next instant there was a tremendous splash and he disappeared in the boiling water.

He emerged some distance farther down the stream. He scrambled to the bank and looked back. There on the pine sat the bear, intently watching the hole where the man had disappeared. He did not go back to inform her that he was not there, but made for camp at a good speed.

African "Fire Drill."

THE average civilized man would be hard put to it if he were compelled to start a fire without matches, tinder box or burning glass, but in various parts of Africa the natives accomplish this feat with astonishing ease and quickness.

The materials employed are two simple bits of wood, one flat, about six inches long and not quite an inch wide, with a row of grooves on one side; the other about twelve inches long and of the thickness and shape of a lead pencil.

The longer piece, fixed in one of the groves of the shorter piece, is held tightly between the palms of the hands and whirled rapidly round and round. In a very few seconds the wood dust which is produced by the friction falls through the grooves and begins to smoke. This dust is then carefully nursed into a blaze.